

# The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Quee.* So he does indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time; ile loose my daughter to him,  
Be you and I behind an Arras then,  
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,  
And be not from his reason false thereon,  
Let me be no assistant for a State  
But keepe a Farme and Carters.

*King.* We will trie it.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Quee.* But looke where sadly the poore wretch come: reading.

*Pol.* Away, I do beseech you both away. *Exit King and Queene.*  
Ile boord him presently, oh giue me leaue,  
How does my good Lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, God a mercy.

*Pol.* Doe you know me my Lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I my Lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest my Lord.

*Ham.* I sir to be honest as this world goes,  
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true my Lord.

*Ham.* For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a  
good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

*Pol.* I haue my Lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,  
But as your daughter may conceiue, friend looke to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that, it il harping on my daughter, yet  
he knew me not at first, a said I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,  
and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for loue, very  
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my  
Lord.

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter my Lord.

*Ham.* Betweene who.

*Pol.* I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

*Ham.* Slanders sir; for the Satericall Rogue saies here, that old  
men haue grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eies  
purging thick Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they haue a  
plenti-

# Prince of Denmark

plentifull lacke of wit, together  
fit though I most powerfully  
not honestie to haue it thus se-  
old as I am; if like a Crab you

*Pol.* Though this be madnesse  
walke out of the aire my Lord

*Ham.* Into my graue.

*Pol.* Indeed that's out of  
his replies are, a happines that  
and sanctitie could not so prof-  
him and my daughter. My Lord

*Ham.* You cannot take from  
willingly part withall: except  
life.

*Enter*

*Pol.* Fare you well my Lord

*Ham.* These tedious old fo

*Pol.* You goe to seeke the

*Ros.* God saue you sir.

*Guy.* My honor'd Lord.

*Ros.* My most deere Lord.

*Ham.* My excellent good

*A Rosencranz.* good lads how

*Ros.* As the indifferent chi

*Guy.* Happy, in that we a

We are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her

*Ros.* Neither my Lord.

*Ham.* Then you liue about

*Guy.* Faith her priuates we

*Ha.* In the secret parts of fo

What newes?

*Ros.* None my Lord; but

*Ham.* Then is Doomes

But in the beaten way of frie

*Ros.* To visit you my Lord

*Ham.* Begger that I am, I a

you, and sure deare friends, n

were you not sent for? is it y

tion? come, come, deale iustly

*Guy.* VVhat should we s